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W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Fair and warmer; northerly winds, becoming westerly.

THE TORY PROGRAMME IN IRELAND.

A dozen years ago it seemed more likely that Ireland would have the Conservatives than the Liberals to thank for home rule. After winning two general elections as an anti-Irish party, the Tories seem inclined to angle for Irish support again.

The new financial and administrative programme outlined by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons on Friday is not home rule, but it may pave the way for something of the sort, and the cordiality with which it has been welcomed by all factions of Irish members of Parliament gives promise of more friendly relations between the Tory Government and the people of the disaffected kingdom.

Of course, any scheme devised by the Cecils would have to provide liberally for the landlords. Hence, the first item in the Government's plan of relief is the exemption of the landowners from all rural rates, which, by all the principles of justice, they ought to bear almost or quite exclusively. This burden is to be transferred to the Im- Treasury—that is to say, partly to the masses who ne beer, spirits and tobacco, and partly to the more rtable classes who pay income and inheritance taxes. act of generosity toward the landlords and of injus- oward everybody else is to be balanced by the release tenants from the payment of the county cess, which, the landlords' share of rates, is to be shifted to the shoulders of the general taxpayer. In connection these remissions of taxation Mr. Balfour promised to h a scheme of local government, concerning which he give no details further than that it was to be on a popular basis, would impose a heavy charge on the equer, and would prove "one of the greatest reforms out under the safest conditions ever suggested in ise of Commons."

landlords, of course, welcomed the reduction of n payments. The tenants had no objection to that as they were provided for themselves, and all of Irishmen took kindly to a change that would nish the relatively excessive burdens that Ireland as hole is now undoubtedly compelled to bear. The con- ion of local self-government, probably based on the ty organizations, while it would have been contemptu- y rejected in the days of the Gladstone-Parnell alli- as any adequate substitute for national home rule, ars worth having now that the Parliament on Col- Green seems so far away. When Irishmen have shown ability to manage their own affairs successfully gh County Councils, they will be in a better position mand a completer autonomy.

will be interesting to see whether the detailed Tory me is received with the same general Irish approval has been given to Mr. Balfour's vague forecast of it. , the days of race war and coercion in Ireland may ided, and British politics may form on new lines.

STANDARD OIL AT ELIZABETH.

The Standard Oil Company has met with a temporary check in its attempt to take possession of the streets of Elizabeth. A City Council which, like the Greek staff at Larissa, had collapsed at the first approach of the -inspiring trust, has recovered its courage and boldly ted itself upon the principle that the streets of even a e town like Elizabeth belong to the people, and not to Rockefeller.

In its persistent attempt to push a pipe line to the sea, great monopoly began ten years ago to lay siege to zabeth. It has been trying ever since to gain permis- n to tear up the streets for its pipes. Some years ago considered the privilege worth $5,000, which the citizens fused to accept. But the other day the franchise slipped rough the Council without provision for any compensa- n at all. At once the trust began to dig its trenches, but happened that it had not secured permission to open the oss streets along its route. This necessitated a delay, hich the indignant citizens used to such good effect that e Council held a special meeting and revoked the fran- hise by a three-fourths vote.

Of course the Standard Oil managers will not accept his defeat as final. If they need the streets of Elizabeth their business, or the houses of the citizens, for that natter, they see no reason why they should not have them. But the people everywhere will sympathize with the plucky letermination of the Elizabethans not to be overridden by he gigantic monopoly—the black progenitor of the whole oxious brood of trusts. If the nine independent Council- nen stand firm they will not be forgotten.

THE GOVERNOR ON POPULAR RULE.

Not being a candidate for re-election, Governor Black cannot be said to have injured his political future by the remarkable philosophical observations with which he has garnished his memorandum disapproving the Graded In- ritance Tax bill. Nevertheless, if he had been an older olitician, the mere habit of prudence would have re- rained his impetuous pen. It takes a statesman with ither a past nor a future to commit himself so intrep- ly as Mr. Black has done to the unrestrained current of is own eloquence, and such a statesman is seldom found n the Governorship.

The Governor thinks, for one thing, that "in this country the right of suffrage is carried too far." The fact that Mr. Black is in a position to write veto messages is certainly a reflection upon our electorate, but the critic who would condemn our excess of democracy for that should member that Mr. Black, as Governor, is not really a roduct of universal suffrage at all. He was appointed by r. Platt, and received the perfunctory votes of people who were thinking about something else. In fact, univer- al suffrage can hardly be said to exist in this State. We ave had different bosses, but the people, of whose un- tamed instincts Mr. Black stands in such dread, rarely at- empt to take the government into their own hands, and till more rarely succeed.

Still, there is a pleasant little tradition here in favor of popular government, and if Mr. Black had any further olitical ambitions, which the whole course of his adminis- tration makes it evident he has not, he might find his re- narks on this and similar topics embarrassing.

BARGAIN COUNTERS AND THE PUBLIC.

It is strange that none of the indignant philanthropists who have recently attacked the bargain counters of the big stores have asked for the co-operation of the merchants in securing their suppression. The assailants ap- ear seized with the idea that the merchants are eager to erpetuate these monstrosities, whereas nothing could be urther from the truth. If a public meeting looking to eir suppression were held to-morrow, the speakers whose enunciations would be fiercest, whose utterances would ive the deepest wail of personal injury, would be not the shopping public, not the sales persons, not the garment makers or seamstresses, but the merchants. This apparently paradoxical state of affairs is capable of simple explanation.

The owner of a store conducting bargain counters—that is, of a department store—is in the position of a showman. To be successful he must have many of the same qualities which distinguished the late P. T. Barnum. He must know how to attract the public to his doors, and how to interest it after its gets there. It was with the idea of offering a novel attraction that the first bargain counter was launched. Little did its originator realize what a monster he had given birth to, nor how terrible would be that monster's vengeance upon him and all his like. The public took to it at once, and the inventor felt proud. His rivals immediately adopted the innovation, and the bargain counter became an established fixture of every department store. Ever since it has been demonstrating its Frankenstein-like nature.

The bargain counter produces chiefly sleepness nights and deficits for the merchant. It is insatiable in its greed for attractive wares, relentless in its demands upon the time of the merchant, inexorable in insisting upon the best location and most valuable space. It casts its blight alike upon the merchant's profits, the employe's health and the patience of the customer. Those who believe that it is a snare of the merchant, whereby he gains large profits, know nothing of the actual conditions governing the management of a large department store. If the balance sheet of any one of the big stores of New York could be published it would show so many items of loss, and such small profits, where there were any at all, that the puzzle would seem to lie in the extracting of any net profit. In no other line of business are profits so small, and the secret of success lies in the volume of sales and the frequent turning of the capital.

Those who assert that fraud is practised, and that the bargains are not genuine, have not the faintest conception of the keenness of the New York shopper. What the average New York shopper does not know about the value of merchandise would be of little service to anybody. The merchant who attempted to fool her would be everlastingly sorry. On the other hand, she is an excellent advertising medium. Bargains would lose half their attractions to her if she could not display them to her friends, and in doing that she aids the merchant, who regards her as his ally, and is always catering to her.

Nevertheless, the bargain counter is a terrible infliction to the merchant. Every other branch of his business is committed to the care of some competent person, but this requires his own attention. To secure attractive bargains, to go his rivals one better in quality, style or price, to bring his special offerings to the widest possible notice—these are the burdens laid upon him, and which do most toward making his gray hairs and wrinkles. The depression which has prevailed in business for several years has driven the merchants to desperate expedients to attract trade, and the result has been the fiercest competition ever known, with a corresponding increase in the difficulty of satisfying the demands of the bargain counter. The merchants of New York would be happy if the public would agree to rest content without bargain counters.

THE PARABLE OF SPRING.

We are in the midst of Spring. The earth has laid out of sight her desolate Winter robes. Everywhere are blossoms, opening flowers, expanding leaves, tender shoots putting forth, animation, beauty, promise, joy. It is the time of the singing of birds, of the revel of lambs, of the sport of insects in the air.

And what is the parable of Spring for the soul of man? For all the moods of Nature are so many tongues of truth to be interpreted by the thoughtful observer. It is the miracle of life. It shows us that life and not death is the great principle of the universe. Death is but a seeming, destruction is but a sleep, Winter is only a fable. Life holds the sceptre and will waken sleep, abolish death and prevail. Man was made to live, not to die.

The parable of Spring also sets forth in a vividly illustrative manner the providential call and fatherhood of God. We often wonder how the Creator can, or whether He will, look after the wants of all his creatures. But mark the universality of the life principle in the Spring. We note the oak tree, with its thousands upon thousands of leaves blossoming all over. The great heart of the oak tree remembers every remotest tip of every farthest branch, and sends to each the message and the power of new life. And yet we do not think of the heart of the oak tree as if it were at all burdened with such multitudinous remembrance. It is simply the thrill of the common life translated into these myriad forms. Nature never thus forgets a single seed, or root, or bulb, and leaves it neglected and passed by. In the same way cannot God, the Father of being, remember all his creatures? Sprung from the divine life, so will that living Fatherhood reach out into us all. No one will be forgotten, but every one does He embrace in his remembrance; each one's wants shall be provided for; none so poor and obscure as not to be sheltered under the all-brooding wings.

One of the loveliest suggestions of the Spring parable regards the beautiful. These colors that dye the petals of the hyacinth, tulip, rose and carnation, the waxen whiteness of the lily, the blossoms showered over the trees, the infinite variety of forms and delicate greens of the opening leaves, the ethereal tints of the clouds—what a painting is this from the hand of the great Master Artist! Who beholding it but must confess that beauty is divine? That a higher principle than bald utilitarianism enters into the Maker's plan? And what a reproof this to the blind materialism that lives but for sordid gain. Take away the beauty from the universe, and what would it be but an ashen sepulchre. And so take away the beauty from life, the song from work, the poetry from the soul, and man becomes a mechanism and existence a drudgery. It is then, when the soft vernal blooms of Spring touch and dye our souls with gentleness and beauty and make our lives more spiritual, trustful and loving, that we read its sweetest and deepest parable.

J. B. REMENSNYDER,
Pastor of St. James's English Lutheran Church.

The McKinley-Hanna faction of Ohio Republicans are gradually coming to a realization of the fact that the Hon. Joseph Foraker isn't the case of "Little Breeches" they and their organs have been fond of representing him.

Brooklyn turned out and presented one of the new war ships a $10,000 silver service yesterday. Brooklyn should insist that the plate either be left in a safe deposit vault ashore or heavily insured before the cruiser sails.

If Marcus Aurelius Hanna cannot "control" the Senate on such a small matter as a Cuban resolution he is likely to lose control of the hitherto submissive but now indignant occupant of the White House.

In the selection of Mr. Quigg to head his committee Mr. Platt subscribes to the belief that a man doesn't have to have more than five letters in his name to be a real statesman.

Abdul Hamid won his fight, but it looks as if he might have some trouble in making a settlement with his backers and trainers.

The proceedings in the Kentucky Legislature these days sound very much like the convention of a crowd of ill-humored stevedores.

A New Month for Victoria.

LONDON, May 12.—The most recent idea for the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne merely involves the changing of the calendar by dividing the year into thirteen months, instead of twelve, and naming the extra one thus acquired Victoria. The genius who originated this scheme proposes that the old calendar months be reduced to twenty-eight days each, and that the month of Victoria be given twenty-nine days, leap years being arranged for as formerly by allowing February one extra day every four years. By his arrangement the calendar would stand thus:

New Calendar.	No. of days.		Present Calendar.		
January..	28	commencing	Jan. 1,	ending	Jan. 28.
February..	28	"	Jan. 28,	"	Feb. 25.
March....	28	"	Feb. 26,	"	March 28.
April.....	28	"	March 26,	"	April 22.
May......	28	"	April 23	"	May 20.
June.....	28	"	May 21,	"	June 17.
Victoria..	29	"	June 18,	"	July 16.
July.....	28	"	July 17,	"	Aug. 13.
August...	28	"	Aug. 14	"	Sept. 10.
Septemb'r	28	"	Sept. 11,	"	Oct. 8.
October...	28	"	Oct. 9,	"	Nov. 5.
November	28	"	Nov 6,	"	Dec. 3.
December	28	"	Dec. 4,	"	Dec. 31.

The innovator points out that he puts in the month of Victoria, between June and July, because he is thus able to bring in eighteen anniversaries of importance to England in the twenty-nine days. Thus the new month would begin on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, June 18 being the old date; the second Victoria would be the anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta; the third, that of the Queen's accession; the fourth, of her proclamation as Queen, also of her Jubilee of 1897; the fifth, of the Diamond Jubilee; the sixth, of the birth of a possible king, the Duke of York's eldest son; the seventh would be midsummer day; the eighth, the anniversary of the repeal of the Corn laws, and the eleventh, that of the coronation of Queen Victoria, and so on. It will interest Americans to know that when the revised calendar goes into effect we shall celebrate the seventeenth of Victoria instead of the Fourth of July.

One of the most impudent literary thefts on record is that of which Justin Huntly McCarthy is guilty in his brazen appropriation of the authorship of "My Friend the Prince," now being successfully played at the Garrick Theatre, which is a plagiarism, title and all, of Du Souchet's farce, "My Friend from India." On the posters all over London and in the newspapers the Garrick Theatre production is advertised in big letters as "by Justin Huntly McCarthy," without the slightest recognition of the real author. On the programme in the theatre there appears in very fine print, which can scarcely be read with a magnifying glass, the line: "Suggested by an American play." "My Friend the Prince" is in all essential particulars the same production as "My Friend from India," only that it is played as a comedy rather than as a farce at the Garrick. McCarthy's assumption of its authorship is as cheeky a performance as that of Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks in advertising themselves as the authors of "The Yashmak," now being played at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which Edward E. Rice has shown to be a clean steal, words and music, from him. And while on the subject of literary theft, I may remark that the London Evening News is frequently printing fiction stolen bodily from the Journal, under the title "Our Short Story," without a word of acknowledgment of authors or newspaper.

It took three hours to kill a vicious elephant in the vicinity of Liverpool yesterday, and in assisting to bring about this result a medical gentleman almost succeeded in compassing his own destruction. "Charles II." was the name of the elephant, and he had escaped from Cross's menagerie and swam the Leeds and the Liverpool Canal, throwing the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire into panic. The elephant was captured in a farmyard, and, as Cross was afraid to take it back to Liverpool, it was decided to poison Charles on the spot. Two Liverpool physicians were appointed executioners. They fed the beast on aconite concealed in carrots and arsenic sprinkled on buns, which it swallowed pleasantly and asked for more. Then one medical gentleman conceived the idea of loading a syringe with prussic acid, inducing the elephant to open its mouth, and squirting the poison down its throat. Charles II. considered this great sport, but the doctor who was operating the syringe, by reason of his interest in the experiment, momentarily forgot the deadly properties of prussic acid, inhaled the fumes and fell unconscious. The other physician saved his colleague's life with great difficulty, the elephant looking on with deep sympathy. However, after Charles II. had taken enough poison to kill 2,000 men, according to the doctors, and three hours had passed since the first dose, he suddenly toppled over and expired quietly. Like the other Charles II., he had been an unconscionable time dying.

The National Temperance League of England is justifiably alarmed by reason of the awful example recently set by an influential honorary member in the person of Queen Victoria. One William Binks, a vassal more than seventy years of age, has had for his special duty for the last fifteen years the sweeping of the pavement of one of the terraces of Windsor Castle just below the windows of a room frequently used by the Old Lady in the morning. A few days ago Mr. Binks was not to be seen as usual operating his broom on the terrace below the royal window, and the Queen asked if he was sick. The fact was carefully imparted to Her Majesty that, notwithstanding the responsibility imposed upon William Binks and the exalted nature of his duties, he had so far forgotten himself a day or two before as to get drunk, whreupon he had been fired by the Third Assistant to the Deputy Gentleman-Usher of the Privy Chamber. What does the Queen go and do then but order that William Binks be immediately reinstated, virtually holding, therefore, that a sweeper has a right to get drunk once in fifteen years, and thus undermining the first principles of the National Temperance League at its very apex, so to speak.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

Wicked vs. Good Millionaire.

[Detroit News.]

In all history there is no sadder record than that of the determination of the wicked millionaires, like Brice and McLean, to become Senatorial candidates against the good Mark Hanna.

An Extinct Scare.

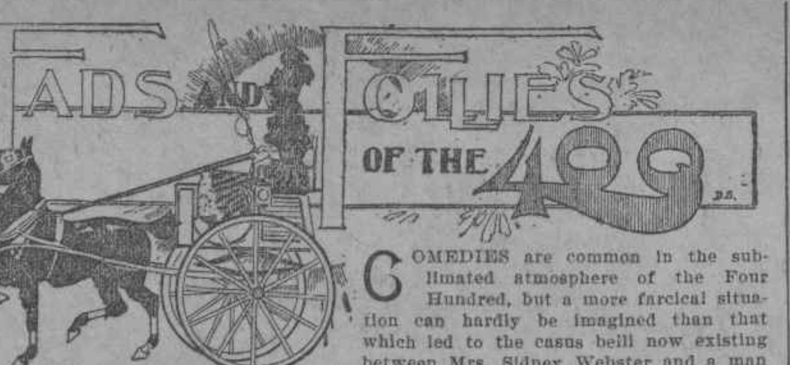
[Washington Post.]

It will be perceived that nobody appears to be afraid of the 53-cent dollar these days.

Real Economy.

[Atchison Globe.]

A real thrifty woman thinks that it is economy to swallow the medicine left in the house by a case of sickness, if it is needed or not.



COMEDIES are common in the sublimated atmosphere of the Four Hundred, but a more farcical situation can hardly be imagined than that which led to the casus belli now existing between Mrs. Sidney Webster and a man who threatens to have "the law on her" to settle a claim for the magnificent sum of one dollar. Mrs. Webster is a rich woman, but she is a stickler for what she considers to be her rights. On the other hand, the plaintiff in the threatened suit declares very solemnly that he cares nothing for the dollar, but that he will fight to the end for what he calls "the principle of the thing."

To properly understand the gravity and importance of this case, that may become celebrated in the annals of New York society, it is necessary to go into some detail concerning the principals. Mrs. Sidney Webster is the wife of a gentleman equally well known in the inner social circles of New York and Newport. He was not only a friend of the late Ward McAllister, but was his most cherished and valued adviser. When Mr. McAllister formulated the famous "Four Hundred," it was after due consultation with Mr. Sidney Webster. When Mr. McAllister was offered a small fortune to turn newspaper reporter he wouldn't decide until he had heard what Mr. Sidney Webster had to say about it. In many other instances Mr. Webster acted as the counsellor and guide and friend of the great McAllister, and in this way was a potential factor in framing New York society into its present form.

But, aside from the reflected glory of McAllister and her husband, Mrs. Webster has substantial claims of her own for recognition. Before marriage she was a Miss Fish, and that counts for much. She is a generous and painstaking hostess. Her hospitality is not ridiculously lavish, but is always genteelly sufficient. Everything is in excellent taste, and there is an absolute comfort about a Sidney Webster function, and especially about a Sidney Webster dinner, that is remarkable. To the uninitiated this has always been a source of wonder, but to those who were familiar with Mrs. Webster's methods the thing was as clear as crystal. Mrs. Webster is so careful and so exact that when she gives a dinner she takes a tape measure and fixes to an inch the space between the covers, the distance of the candelabra from the edge of the table, and the distance of the table from the wall. Thus is the eye satisfied and the ear protected.

I have mentioned the tape measure because it has an indirect bearing on what is to come. It illustrates better than anything else the precise method of thought that characterizes Mrs. Webster.

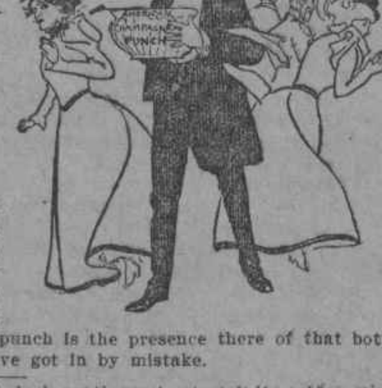
Now, it happens that Mrs. Webster, in common with many other fashionable folk of Gotham, gives dinners of such dimensions that they overtax the abilities of her ordinary retinue of servants. On such occasions she has been in the habit of employing a man who makes a business of supervising large dinners among the opulent. He is an expert, and is therefore in much demand. Some time ago, in making out his monthly bills, this man reckoned that Mrs. Sidney Webster was indebted to him in the sum of $27 for services rendered. Mrs. Webster sent him a check for $26. When he made inquiry as to why the other dollar was not forthcoming, he found Mrs. Webster with an explanation that was formidable, if not satisfactory to him. She declared that on a certain date he had come to arrange the dinner fifteen minutes later than she had expected him. As a consequence of this delay Mrs. Webster's own butler, imported from England, had folded the napkins instead of "The Professor," if I may so designate the specialist in order to properly represent the dignity of his intermittent flunkeyism and at the same time avoid circumlocution.

The folding of a napkin, however insignificant it may seem to the casual observer, is really a matter of the greatest importance. It was certainly so in this instance. The English butler, having received no special instruction in the matter, folded the napkins in a shape that is known as "The Bishop's Mitre." Mrs. Webster had expected "The Professor" to do the folding himself, as she knew that he would have selected the "American Diamond" shape. Indeed, Mrs. Webster was anxious to have the "American Diamond" because that arrangement of the napkins displays the family crest, whereas "The Bishop's Mitre" conceals it. It will be understood at once that when Mrs. Webster found her crest hidden in "The Bishop's Mitre" instead of blossoming forth in virginal purity on "The American Diamond," she was not pleased. This unfortunate contretemps, coupled with fifteen minutes' tardiness, merited punishment in her eyes. Therefore she felt eminently justified in docking "The Professor" a dollar when he sent in his bill.

In his own behalf "The Professor" urges that he is entitled to the dollar because he was in ample time to superintend the feast; that he performed that function to the satisfaction of Mrs. Webster and her guests, and that he can't be held responsible for the thick-headedness of an English butler who would deliberately hide away the Webster crest in "The Bishop's Mitre," instead of displaying it on "The American Diamond." Therefore he has sent to Mrs. Sidney Webster a monthly bill for $1 during the last quarter, and having received no answer whatever he will now bring suit for the amount alleged to be due him and leave the settlement of this grave question to a jury of his peers and hers. Moreover, he will put in evidence the Webster livery—which has a bright yellow waistcoat, with enormous silver buttons, each bearing the family crest—to show that his original bill of $27 was not only just, but moderate for the service rendered.

While I have no disposition to prejudge a case of the superlative importance of this, I must say that, in my opinion, the withholding of $1 by Mrs. Webster was a punishment quite incommensurate with the offence of concealing the Webster crest in "The Bishop's Mitre," although it was so copiously exploited on the waistcoat buttons worn by "The Professor." How a jury will regard the case remains to be seen.

The quidnuncs are always after me. Here is another of them writing to know what Frank B. Keech put in that punch that he served at the Knickerbocker Bowling Club after he had won the championship trophy. Fortunately for my inquisitive correspondent, I had some curiosity on this point myself that resulted in the discovery of the following formula:



Ten quarts American champagne.
Six quarts rhine wine (brand not mentioned).
Six quarts apollinaris.
One pint yellow chartreuse.
One quart green tea.
One dozen oranges.
One-half dozen lemons.
One pint syrup.
One bottle '67 Otard brandy.

There's the whole mixture. Can you wonder that even the waiter turned up his nose? And yet it would have been a good punch if the first two items of the recipe had been up to even the ordinary club occasion standard. The only thing that really puzzles me about this Keech punch is the presence there of that bottle of '67 Otard. It is so good that it must have got in by mistake.

If—and this is the biggest kind of an if—luck continues to stretch its golden wings over the clubhouse at Morris Park, we are likely to develop at least a couple of dude plungers. "Dickie" Wilson has already been exploited as a fierce and reckless bettor, but about his continued success I have my doubts. Not that "Dickie" hasn't nerve enough, but that he hasn't the cold blood necessary to conspicuously successful turf speculation. If "Dickie" should ever demolish the betting ring and impoverish the bookmakers it would be due to miraculous fortune rather than to any coldly planned and carefully kept coup. Moreover, "Dickie's" stable is not a brilliant one, with Knight of the Garter as the star performer.

"Willie" Laimbeer, however, is a different proposition. He has plenty of red corpuscles in his blood, it is true, but his temperament is more stolid. He is less likely to do the impulsive or hysterical thing when it comes to betting. At the same time he will pound what he thinks is a good thing into a pulp. The other day, when his colt Kinnikinnic won, he had $5,000 down at 8 to 5 or thereabouts. When you find a young chappie betting $5,000 on a plug like Kinnikinnic you want to look out for him. If we are ever going to get out of the punter class and develop a real dude plunger, Willie Laimbeer will be the chapple so honored.

Dudedom is only lazily interested in the advent of Mr. J. Waldere Kirk, from Colorado, who has come to town with all the noise and color of a Wild West Show. He may have all the clothes that are credited to him, and he may show them according to the plans laid out for him, but if he is half as gay a bird as they picture him I am of the opinion that his game doesn't stop with the exhibition of his feathers. We happen to know a thing or two about chappies from the far West. Jack Follansbee and William O'B. McDonough are two as modest gentlemen in mode and manner as one could wish to know, and they never cut up any such didoes as are credited to Mr. J. Waldere Kirk. The day has gone by when the number of pairs of trousers owned by a man cut any ice in chappledom. I don't know anything about this man Kirk, but I suspect that he is fashioned after the pattern of that odd citizen of New York who is conspicuous in all public places and is known as "Diamond Jim" Brady. And if he is, "Diamond Jim" can give him cards and spades and beat him at the game of "Look-at-me-ladies."

Between horses, as it were, at Mineola yesterday I heard these important statements: William C. Whitney has struck water at a depth of 365 feet at his place on Wheatley Hill. H. Van Rensselaer Kennedy has been elected a member of the Long Island Historical Society. The H. B. Duryeas are going to occupy Mrs. Adolph Ladenberg's house until next Fall, as the charming widow will remain in Europe until the opening of the Meadow Brook hunting season. "Foxie" Keene and Mrs. "Foxie" are expected to return in June, although this would make them miss the Queen's Jubilee. The Carteret Gun Club has about finished its new grounds at Garden City, and has arranged for an opening shoot on the 27th.

And so the small talk rattled all day long. The weather was delightful, but the counter-attraction of the Morris Park races drew away many people who would have been there otherwise. The Edward Ladews, from Glen Cove, and the Jimmie Kernochans, from Meadow Brook, drove over in their traps, as did William C. Whitney. The genial president of the Horse Show, as Mr. Whitney is described, was arrayed in his famous coaching outfit, which is one of the most striking, if not the most beautiful, in this country. Mrs. Whitney occupied the box seat with her husband, while Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, Dorothy Whitney and Adelaide Randolph, his stepdaughter, were of the party. Harry Vingut was English to beat the band. He is just back from dear old London, dontcherknow, and his checks were out of hearing. At that he wasn't as loud as George Eustis. "Billy" Bininger, who has the biggest calves in the Knickerbocker Club, was gayer than the lark, and the general attitude of the chappies and chappiesettes was one of joy, although there was a woful desertion by a number of choice "tame-cats" that had sneaked away to Morris Park. Even Mrs. Jimmie Kernochan's French bulldog, that came over with its mistress, was happy. Therefore it is only fair to describe the Mineola Horse Show as something of a success, in spite of the rain and the races.

Ambrose Bierce on Current Topics

By Ambrose Bierce.

SINCE declaring my pro-Turkish sympathies and my confidence in the concert of the powers I have been asked by many correspondents to signify my views on the Cuban war. I prefer to formulate, instead, certain general truths discernible through the smoke and dust of all such conflicts as the one now "raging" rather indolently in that distracted isle.

American popular sympathy goes always to people in rebellion against a monarchy, regardless of the justice of their quarrel.

Popular newspapers advocate and fortify the popular view; it is as "organs of public opinion" that they have power and value.

Insurgent "Governments" commonly set up bureaus of lying in the capitals of the great nations. In these bureaus much of the war news originates and much is "doctored."

Military operations which do not commend themselves to the people of a neutral nation are always believed by them to be conducted with cruelty and outrage.

The military leader of an invasion or "suppression" is always represented by his enemies and their sympathizers as a moral monster—a "butcher."

Even his official reports to Government are impeached and discredited.

A few truths of a less general nature may be added:

The Spanish people are a civilized and enlightened race.

The Cuban insurgents are mostly negroes and negroids, ignorant, superstitious almost beyond belief and brutal exceedingly.

Under Spanish government Cuba has not been oppressed, though the elements now in rebellion had not, and could not safely have had, much political power.

As a Spanish dependency Cuba has been to us a valuable commercial neighbor. Under negro rule—well, we may see that future foreshadowed in Hayti, San Domingo, Liberia. No nation under negro dominance has ever known commercial prosperity.

Annexation could hardly help matters; the entire adult male population could not long be denied the franchise, and we should have a choice between negro misrule and shotgun politics.

After careful consideration of these several theses I am compelled to think that in the West Indies, as in the Levant, the current of American sympathy is running all awry. We are misled in the one case by the cry of "Religion!" in the other by that of "Liberty!" "Liberty!" is a stirring word, hallowed by noble associations, but if I were asked if I believe in Liberty I should reply: "Liberty of whom to do what?" A good deal "depends."

I once made a similar "reply." The question being put to me—indignantly, as to one capable of affirming the whiteness of black—whether I thought slavery right, I asked in turn: "Slavery of whom by whom?" It is not always that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and I am pained to remember that my interlocutor, who was a most holy man and a pillar of the church, afterward thought it his duty to spread abroad in the land a statement affecting unfavorably my reputation for personal morality—which I thought irrelevant.

At one time in my green and salad days I was sufficiently zealous for universal and unqualified freedom to engage in a four years' battle for its promotion. There were other issues involved, but they did not count for much with me. I am now glad that they were involved, for their presence as threads in the Fate-woven fabric of events spares me the disquieting consciousness of misguided zeal.

Time was, in that far fair world of youth where I went a-soldiering for Freedom, when the moral character of every thought and word and deed was determined by reference to a set of infinitely precious "principles"—infallible criteria—moral solvents, mordant to all base metals, and warranted by the manufacturers and venders to disclose the gold in every proposition submitted to the test. Alas, I have no longer the advantage of their service, but must judge everything on its own merits—each case as it comes up. I have learned that slavery is not always unrighteous, nor liberty always desirable, except for one's-self; that tyranny and despotism are sometimes beneficent; that patriotism is but a broader selfishness, a narrower philanthropy; and that falsehood may be the highest and most imperative duty. I shudder to think that further examination may disclose a moral element in murder. In brief, I unload a "principle" every little while, and shall soon be flying light.

Colonel Phoebe Couzens, who carries most of the brains and conscience of the Woman Suffrage movement, and who has been dangerously ill, is now, like Lady Byron, "dangerously well again," and her fellow Colonels are experiencing the effects of her recovery in the pearly hides of them. She avers that while ill she received no sympathy and not so much as a postage stamp from any of them, and but for the generosity of others would now be occupying "a pine box in an alkali hole" in California. Phoebe is imperfectly grounded in the principles of military discipline; as a soldier she should respect the Army Regulations, which teach that the best way to succor the wounded is to win the battle. The fight is still on, with Colonel Anthony and Colonel Shaw thundering at the gates of the enemy and shouting. If Phoebe again incur the mischance of falling ere the Needless Male is driven from the field let her curl up and play 'possum.

That religion should form a part of all true education was the conclusion reached yesterday by the Woman's Congress.—The San Francisco Examiner.

That religion should form a part of pretty nearly everything is the conclusion reached by the female mind generally. Give women the ballot and within a single generation they will make the government of this country a theocracy, with religious denominations for political parties and clergymen for candidates. The United States Constitution will recognize God, but God will no longer recognize the United States Constitution.

Nebraska is in rather hard luck. Her Legislature recently made an appropriation of $180,000 to cover a deficiency caused by theft. And now one of her officials has stolen the $180,000! It is not altogether clear what ought to be done; if the amount be appropriated again and again stolen it is feared that many taxpayers, despairing of the Republic, will abandon honor, throw conscience to the birds and move over into Kansas.

Mrs. Frances Goldstone has obtained a divorce because one evening at a theatre her husband went out between two acts and has not returned. It is not very considerate in the lady; perhaps Mr. Goldstone is reluctant to disturb the audience.